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PLAYS WERNER EDITION

Midsummer Night's Dream

Condensed for Lawn or School Production

Fairy Romantic Comedy

11 m., 10 f., supes.

15 CENTS

2 hours.

EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY
NEW YORK

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY AS ARRANGED FOR SCHOOLS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens, room in palace of Theseus. Egeus demands that his daughter, Hermia, be forced to marry Demetrius. She refuses and runs away with Lysander. Demetrius follows them and Helena follows him.

SCENE II. Room in Quince's house. Snug, Bottom, Flute and Quince arrange for a play to be performed at Duke's wedding.

SCENE III. Wood near Athens. Oberon and Titania quarrel. He sends Puck to get a flower to rub on her eyes so that she will dote on the next thing she sees.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of wood. Oberon anoints Titania's eyes. Puck by mistake rubs love-juice on Lysander's eyes. Snug, Quince, Bottom and Flute rehearse their play. Puck plays a prank on Bottom.

SCENE II. Same part of wood. Oberon, Puck, Demetrius. Hermia, Lysander and Helena have some lively escapades.

ACT III.

SCENE. Same part of wood. Oberon and Puck remove spell from Titania. Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and train go hunting. and awaken Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia and Helena, who march back to Athens "to be wedded with Theseus all in jollity."

Midsummer Night's Dream

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

CONDENSED AND ARRANGED FOR LAWN PRODUCTION
OR FOR SCHOOLS OF BOTH SEXES, OR FOR GIRLS ONLY.

By Kate Weaver Dallas

SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION

EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY
NEW YORK

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1911

FOREWORD.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" is a play of fancy and a plea for fancy. Its fairy world is the world of playfulness, in which imagination is the substance, and hard fact runs into fantastic shapes that mock reality. The fairy company surrounds us with its ring; and, if it finds us cross, it leaves us happy. Love in a tangle, under light teasing of fairies, has its threads combed straight. Puck is the household fairy, a merry chap with broom on shoulder, who comes into the house of Theseus "to sweep dust behind the door." Happy the house where Puck is busy with his broom, where cobwebs of false dignity and chill reserve vanish before the clean sweep of an elvish trick, a word of loving mockery. In delightful contrast to the embodiment of fairy fancy is the interwoven struggle of men whose minds are apt, for escape from realities of life, to conceive the ideal. Bottom, the Weaver, and his friends, "hardhanded men that work in Athens here," with their desperate attempts to present a poetical tale, have conceptions so gross that they cannot bring Pyramus and Thisbe together by moonlight unless "some one come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine."

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY.

The play represents a dream within a dream. and in the inner dream are sleepers whose dreams run into one another. The play opens with Theseus and Hippolyta, dream-figures from songs of a past world. "Midsummer Night's Dream" is of Hippolyta's wedding-feast.

Act I., Scene 1, represents Love thwarted, and sends the lovers to the wood, a league from town. Hermia loves Lysander and is loved by him. Helena loves Demetrius, who scorns her, and rests his fancy upon Hermia. Hermia's father declares that unless she marries Demetrius, she shall die or part forever from society of men.

Act I., Scene 2, sends to same wood, Bottom and his comrades to rehearse their play. At wedding of Theseus with Hippolyta there are to be plays, and Athenian craftsmen may offer plays for consideration and acceptance. Quince, the Carpenter, Snug, the Joiner, and Bottom, the Weaver, Flute, the Bellows-mender, Snout, the Tinker, join their collective wits to produce a play that may be chosen. They resolve to produce their interpretation of "Pyramus and Thisbe." And that they may not be "dogged with company," and their "devices known," after distribution of their parts to them, allowing time to learn them, they agree to rehearse in the wood by moonlight.

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Act II. takes place at night in woods haunted by fairies. Puck is on the scene first. Oberon and Titania, with their train, are there to bless the house of Theseus on his marriage night. But Oberon and Titania are at strife. The fairy quarrel has no bitterness, nothing resembling human passion. Oberon is jealous of Titania's regard for a little boy whose mother was her votaress. Oberon, to punish Titania, orders Puck fetch the flower whose juice works a spell upon eyes it touches, making them madly dote upon next creature they see. With this he will take playful revenge upon his queen. He also orders Puck to put some of the magic juice upon the eyes of Demetrius. Sung to rest by her fairies, Titania sleeps. Oberon charms her eyes. Weary with wandering in the wood, Hermia and Lysander sleep. Puck charms, by mistake, Lysander's eyes; he wakes to sight of Helena, and follows her, leaving Hermia to wake and find herself alone.

In Act III., Scene 1, Bottom and his friends meet to rehearse. Puck furnishes Bottom with an ass's head. Titania, awakening, falls in love with him; and, while he drags down fancy to dullest prose, her fancy lifts his prose to fellowship with her ideal life. Demetrius meanwhile sleeps, and Puck annoints his eyes. He awakes to fall madly in love with Helena, whom he also follows. Helena has to bear the mockery of suit from two. This gives occasion for a scene that supplies touches of human feeling which, although harmonized with fairy dream music, win for the play a firmer hold upon our sympathies than could be secured by daintiest of poet's fancies if they did not touch earth while they glance to heaven. Towards close of Act III., Puck leads rival lovers through wood with misleading voices and fills the air with fog. Night is verging on dawn; then, all wearied out, Lysander sleeps. Demetrius sleeps, Helena sleeps, Hermia sleeps. The charm is taken from Lysander's eyes.

At beginning of Act IV., Titania sleeps. Bottom sleeps. The charm is taken from Titania's eyes. Oberon and Titania, reconciled, dance in fairy ring. Puck hears morning lark; all fairies float away, following shades of night around globe, gleams of light in world's darkness. It is morning in world of waking men. Theseus and Hippolyta are hunting in the wood. They discover sleeping lovers; wake them with huntsmen's horns; and, after all the fairy glamor of night, its kindly mischiefs leave dissension healed.

Scene V. closes play with suggestion of poet's "glance from heaven," and blends with no scorn contrast with duller world in which hard-handed men unused to labor of mind do all they can. Theseus will hear their play. The play ends with blessing of fairies on house of Theseus, and Puck there with his broom to sweep dust behind the door. Night has traveled around globe and brought fairies back to Athens.

GREEK COSTUME.

Principal garments worn by Greeks were: the *chlamys,* the *chiton,* and the *himation.* The *chlamys,* much smaller than the *himation* and worn about neck by men who wished to have both arms free, was an oblong piece of woolen cloth with three sides straight and one long, outward curving side. Curved side was weighted to make it hang straight, while two ends of opposite side were brought together around neck by buckle placed in front, behind, or on one shoulder, according to the wearer's fancy. The Apollo Belvedere is attired solely in this garment.

The *chiton,* or tunic, worn by both sexes, was made in many styles, of all kinds of material, with long sleeves, short sleeves and no sleeves. Sometimes a cord or belt confined it at waist, again it hung in graceful folds from shoulders. Often it was fastened on each shoulder by a buckle, as the *Ionian Chiton* on the Tanagra Figurine (see Century Dictionary). This figure has a plain band on arm between elbow and shoulder, which could be easily imitated with gold paper or tinsel braid. Thalia has no buckle on her *chiton,* yet it is very beautiful. Sometimes the *chiton* was long enough to double over at neck or waist. This form was called a *diplois* or *diploidion.* This idea is illustrated in the Apollo Citharædus.

The *himation,* though sometimes only garment worn by men, was used over the *chiton* by both sexes. It was about five feet long, ten feet wide, and was wrapped about body to suit taste of wearer. Sometimes this garment was elaborately trimmed. Zeus's *himation* was of gold, enriched with design of figures and lilies. A "Bride and Bridegroom," from an Attic vase (see Century Dictionary), show on edges of each *himation* dark band two inches wide, which can be easily imitated. Cheesecloth and cotton crepe can be trimmed with such bands, or ornamented with flowers cut from cretonne. Silk shawls make good Greek drapery. In getting costumes, aim at variety, grace and beautiful colors.

For classic drapery effects, use material with no "spring" in it; and, unless dress has sleeves, no shaping is allowed. Cheesecloth, unbleached muslin, nun's-veiling, albatross cloth, cashmere, broadcloth, china silk, all are suited to Greek costume. Men's costumes may be made of serge and heavy wools. If material is stiff with "dressing," soak it in water, wring dry, and allow it to dry in the twist made in wringing. Cheesecloth material is improved by this treatment. Underskirts should not be worn with Greek costume. Union undergarment, cut at neck and arms so it does not show, and heavy enough to protect from cold, is satisfactory. Nothing under a Greek robe, other than natural lines and curves of form, should affect its folds and outlines. There should be no restriction of movement nor any clumsy effects.

NOTE.—32 full-page photographic illustrations of famous classic antique statues (including Apollo Belvedere and Apollo Citarædus) are in "Delsarte System of Expression" ($2.). Edgar S. Werner & Co., Publishers, New York.

Greek Costumes for Amateurs.

WOMAN'S COSTUME.

Cut double-width material into three lengths about three yards long (longer, if necessary for tall person). Sew lengths together along the long edges, forming a kind of bolster-case. At end that is to be top of garment, sew open edges together at point about quarter of a yard from sides of bolster-case, dividing top into three openings. Run drawing-string about center opening. Spaces between points of attachment and outer edges of bolster-case are not affected when drawstring is pulled. Insert head within center opening at top of garment, arms passing through other two openings. Draw string till garment adjusts itself about neck to please you. You will find that flood edge is uneven; trim it to suit you, allowing a good hem. Remember garment must sweep floor *all around* and should trail somewhat at back. A band—wide tape will do—should be bound about torso, under breasts; in front, this band should fasten to or be connected with upper edge of garment, that lines of figure may be suggested, and anything like modern blouse effect avoided. If advisable, loose edge hanging under arm may be drawn about arm, fastening below shoulder. Never allow armhole to draw tight from under arm to above shoulder. Only loose folds will give freedom, protect properly, and allow grace of outline.

If sleeves are wanted, cut strips of material about half a yard wide and from a yard and a half to two yards long. Shape one end to a long point, other end may be left square, or rounded. Slip long point in at underside of armhole and secure it far enough down so that points at which sleeve-strip regains full width may be drawn to meet on top of arm below shoulder. Edges of sleeve may be brought together at other points along length of arm, but there should not seem to be an effort to hide arm. Point of sleeve may be slipped in at top of armhole instead of under, thus allowing sleeve to fall over shoulder. If necessary to hide arm, sleeve may be fitted to elbow; it should seem like drapery wound easily about arm.

Sleeveless garment makes plainest form of Greek robe; and, in its simplicity, is suitable only on a youthful, well-formed and well-carried figure. Garment is subject to many modifications; neck, for instance, may be rounded, so that less of shoulder is exposed, and may be shaped to show only upper part of throat; or band about torso may be supplemented by another drawn about hips, and allowed to hang low in front. Garment made like one described should be worn under robe as foundation: it may be cheesecloth, and need not be quite so full as robe. If silk is chosen for robe, foundation garment should be of silk also.

Simplest amplification of robe is accomplished by fastening together, by their upper corners, two pieces of cloth about a yard long and half a yard wide. Attached corners are placed on shoulders; droop-

ing edge, front and back, is laid in flat plaits, or allowed to hang, its drapery slightly arranged. Free points that hang either side arms should be weighted. This may be done by sewing corners around some shot or ball crystal, or pearl buttons may be attached. Many modifications of garment may be made, but it should seldom reach longer than to knees, and is most beautiful for youthful figure in its simplest form. This simplest form allows little drapery—if any— between shoulders front or back, and shortens garment to a line only a little below waist, though hanging points may droop further. These hanging points may be elaborated, lengthened, and shaped to fall in regular folds. When this garment is slipped over first robe, no further drapery should be used. This garment, made very full—that is, allowing fall of considerable drapery at front and back between shoulders—and allowed to fall to knees in front and even lower at back, affords dignified draping for woman of large figure, giving lines of sweeping grace, where those of figure may not be suitably followed.

A toga for draping may be made three or four yards long and a yard and a half to three yards wide. This may be draped in many ways over first garment. Elaborate effects are best avoided. Folds should hang free from a single point of contact wherever possible; all looping and curving not necessary to security of draperies should be avoided. Simplest draping for a girl starts with one end at hip; toga is then wrapped about hips till end is secure, remaining length being drawn from waist, easily, at back, and thrown over shoulder to fall in front to knees or foot, or this end may scarf head and serve as cloak. Hanging ends may be weighted. Such drapery may be made permanent part of costume, and "fall" of long ends shaped. But simplest effects are best. If desired, material may be spread, as toga end is drawn to shoulder, its width hiding arm; and while one edge (if toga is wide enough) may thus fall to or over wrist, other edge may lie close to throat at side, thus covering one shoulder. Sometimes such drapery is held to figure at back by bands (or cords) wound about figure, from waist to under arms, passing over toga piece at back and under it in front. Drapery may be drawn loosely about figure, upper edge drooping under one arm, as low as hip, two ends crossing and held on opposite shoulder, to fall again, either side of arm, to knee-line, or edge of dress. Ends may be gathered close at shoulder, or width of toga allowed to fall.

MAN'S COSTUME.

Man's garment is made a good deal like woman's garment, but of heavier material. Neck-edge should be shaped so that only upper part of neck shows. Modifications will suggest themselves according to individual needs. Man's garment, full and bound loosely at waist, should reach to ankles; drapery-piece should be generous and of heavy material. Drape from under one arm to other shoulder, with long ends hanging, one of these ends to be drawn, if required, overhead. Another draping fastens upper edge of toga at one hip so loosely that, at opposite hip, edge may be drawn over arm, loosely, to shoulder, or even over head. Working-men's sandals may be made of pink or white hose with strips of tan cloth wrapped about feet and ankles. Other men's sandals have strips of cloth covered with gold or silver paper.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

Costumes, worn in "Midsummer Night's Dream," were those worn in Athens's most prosperous days. In Shakespeare's time, boys played women's parts; but now, in many schools and colleges, girls play all the parts. Likewise, boys may play all the parts. Girls, playing male parts, may wear caps of cloth like their gowns. A Ganymede cap will serve as model. A Psyche knot, with fluffy front hair caught back by a Greek bandeau, is ideal female head. Fairies, being creatures of fancy, should be clothed in airy, ethereal garments.

Crowns, sandals, buckles, bandeaux, may be made of steel or silver paper (which comes in sheets). This paper may be used also for decorating Greek drapery, fairy clothes, and even covering child's chariot. Tinsel, tarlatan and white slippers have clothed school fairies for many years, yet wee beings, with bare feet and dew-spangled gowns, soft as clouds, have their friends.

For *dewdrops* use glass-beads, crystallized alum, or diamond-dust.

Titania's Boy accompanies Titania in chariot (baby-carriage, or child's wagon), decorated with silver paper and flowers, and drawn by four fairies.

For *Fairies* select small boys and girls, who should dance or skip, not walk.

Puck should be bright and active. When he removes donkey's head from Bottom he puts it on his own head and prances up and down stage, braying. On leaving stage, he awakens Bottom with a kick.

Donkey's head may be made of flexible, crinkled, dark-brown paper (such as is used under carpet). (Painted gauze Donkey's Head sent for $3.25 by the Publishers.) For eyelashes, fasten a split turkey-feather at top of each eye. Paint on face will give hair-effects. For mane, use artificial hair.

Bottom's song may be any tuneless dirge. Much depends on his acting.

Music: Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music ($.50) may be used with play. This music consists of overture, scherzo, Fairies' March, Wedding March, Dance of Clowns, intermezzo, notturno, incidental music, finale.

Program. Print cast of characters on program. If desired, print also synopsis of play; and, at end of program, the following:

"So good-night unto you all,
"Give me your hands,* if we be friends."

*"Clap your hands."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

CHARACTERS.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, father to HERMIA.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, in love with HERMIA.
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to THESEUS.
QUINCE, a carpenter.
SNUG, a joiner.
BOTTOM, a weaver.
FLUTE, a bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a tinker.
STARVELING, a tailor.
HIPPOLYTA, queen of Amazons, betrothed to THESEUS.
HERMIA, daughter to EGEUS, in love with LYSANDER.
HELENA, in love with DEMETRIUS.
OBERON, king of fairies.
TITANIA, queen of fairies.
PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW.
PEASBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, fairies.
Other fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA.

ACT I.

Scene I. Athens. Palace of Theseus.

[*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE *and* ATTENDANTS.]

THESEUS.

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes!

HIPPOLYTA.

Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.]

[*Enter* EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS.]

EGEUS [*bowing*].
Happy be Theseus, our renownéd duke!
THE. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
EGEUS.
Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child,—
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke [*kneeling*],
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case. [*Rises.*]
THE. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
HERMIA. So is Lysander.
THE. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
HER. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
HER. I do entreat your grace to pardon me [*kneeling*].
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
THE. Either to die the death, or to abjure
Forever the society of men,—
To grow, live, and die in single blessedness.
HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord. [*Rising.*]
THE. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye, austerity and single life.
DEMETRIUS [*kneeling*].
Relent, sweet Hermia:—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazéd title to my certain right. [*Rising.*]
LYSANDER.
You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
EGEUS.
Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
LYS. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THE. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me:
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGEUS.
With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but* LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.]

LYS. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HER. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

LYS. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

HER. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYS. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

HER. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYS. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

[*Enter* HELENA.]

HER. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

HELENA.
Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favor so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HEL. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, Helena, 's no fault of mine.

HEL. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

HER. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!

LYS. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

HER. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

LYS. I will, my Hermia—— [*Exit* HERMIA.]
Helena, adieu:
As you on him Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*]

HEL. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*]

Scene II. Room in Quince's House.

[*Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT *and* STARVELING.]

QUINCE. Is all our company here?

BOTTOM. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUINCE. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

QUINCE. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUINCE. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUINCE. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUINCE. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. Now name the rest of the players.

QUINCE. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLUTE. Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLUTE. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUINCE. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUINCE. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: "Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

QUINCE. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUINCE. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING. Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE. You, Pyramus's father: myself, Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

QUINCE. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any dove.

QUINCE. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it.

QUINCE. Masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood by moonlight. For, if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOT. We will meet. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III. Wood near Athens.

[*Enter, skipping from opposite sides, a* FAIRY *and* PUCK.]

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAIRY. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK.
The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the lovéd boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

FAIRY.

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

PUCK. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh.
But room, now, fairy! here comes Oberon.

FAIRY.

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

[*Enter, skipping, from one side,* OBERON, *with his train; from the other side,* TITANIA, *with her train.*]

OBERON.

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA.

What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his company.

OBE. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

TIT. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
Never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we, on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By pavéd fountain, or by rushy brook,

Or in the beachéd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

OBE. [*kneeling*]. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman. [*Rises.*]

TIT. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spicéd Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay?

TIT. Perchance till after Theseus's wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts

OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TIT. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit* TITANIA *with her train.*]

OBE. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK. I remember.

OBE. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronéd by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*]

OBE. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

[*Enter* DEMETRIUS. HELENA *following him.*]

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stolen into this wood.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HEL. And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not.

HEL. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore, I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.]

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exit* HELENA.]

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

[*Enter* PUCK.]

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

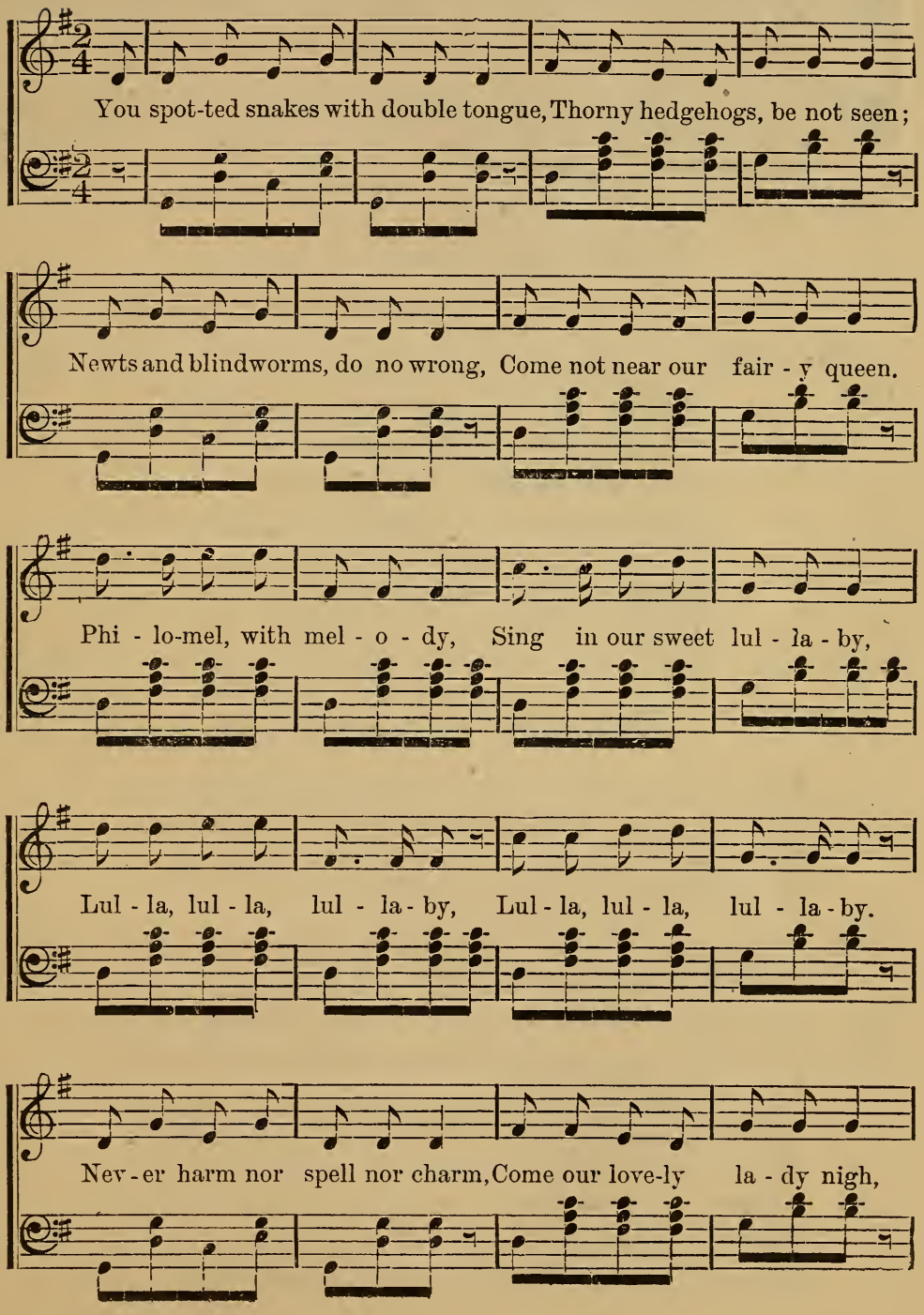
Scene I. Another part of the wood.

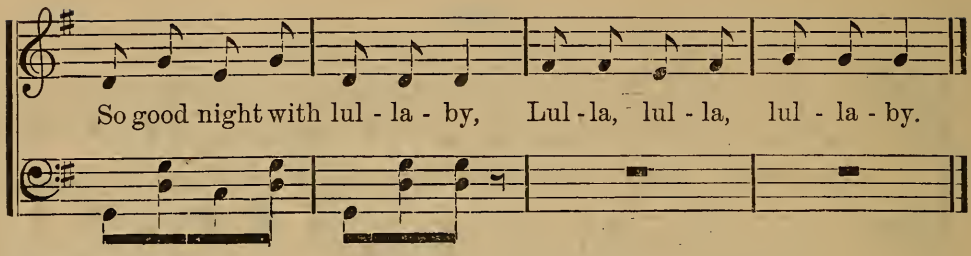
[*Enter* TITANIA, *with her train.*]

TIT. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some, war with rearmice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

[*All skip around* TITANIA *and sing.*]

SONG.


You spot-ted snakes with double tongue, Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong, Come not near our fair - y queen.
Phi - lo-mel, with mel - o - dy, Sing in our sweet lul - la - by,
Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by, Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by.
Nev - er harm nor spell nor charm, Come our love-ly la - dy nigh,



FAIRY. Hence, away! now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt* FAIRIES. TITANIA *sleeps.*]

[*Enter* OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*]

OBE. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.]

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HER. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both.

HER. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

LYS. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*]

[*Enter* PUCK.]

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despiséd the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

[*Squeezes the flower on* LYSANDER'S *eyelids.*]

When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid!
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*]

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
DEM. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*]
HEL. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blesséd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear.
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYS. [*awaking*]. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

LYS. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius's eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*]

LYS. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honor Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit.*]

HER. [*awaking*]. Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT *and* STARVELING.]

BOT. Are we all met?

QUINCE. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince,—

QUINCE. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

SNOUT. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—"Ladies,"—or "Fair ladies,—I would wish you,"—or "I would request you,"—or "I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

QUINCE. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUINCE. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a window open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUINCE. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin:

when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

[*Enter* PUCK *behind.*]

PUCK. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOT. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet,——"

QUINCE. Odors, odors.

BOT. "——odors savors sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.
But, hark, a voice! stay thou a while but here,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit.*]

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Exit.*]

FLUTE. Must I speak now?

QUINCE. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLUTE.
"Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

QUINCE. "Ninus's tomb," man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is "never tire."

FLUTE.
"O,—As true as truest horse that yet would never tire."

[*Enter* PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*]

BOT. "If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.—"

QUINCE. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly masters! Help!

[*Exeunt* QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT *and* STARVELING.]

PUCK. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round. [*Exit.*]

BOT. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

[*Reënter* SNOUT.]

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee? [*Exit.*]

[*Reënter* QUINCE.]

QUINCE. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*]

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*]

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,—

TIT. [*awaking*]. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

BOT. [*sings*]. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

TIT. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamor'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralléd to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays.

TIT. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TIT. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on presséd flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peasblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

[*Enter* PEASBLOSSOM, COBWEB *and* MUSTARDSEED. *Each bows to* TITANIA.]

PEASBLOSSOM. Ready.
COBWEB. And I.
MOTH. And I.
MUSTARDSEED. And I.
ALL. Where shall we go?
TIT. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

[*Each bows to* BOTTOM.]

PEAS. Hail, mortal!
COB. Hail!
MOTH. Hail!
MUS. Hail!

BOT. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

COB. Cobweb.

BOT. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

PEAS. Peasblossom.

BOT. Good Master Peasblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUS. Mustardseed.

BOT. Good Master Mustardseed, I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

TIT. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II. Same Part of Wood.

[*Enter* OBERON.]

OBE. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

[*Enter* PUCK.]

Here comes my messenger.—
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love.

OBE. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be eyed.

[*Enter* HERMIA *and* DEMETRIUS.]

OBE. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HER. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,
And kill me too.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

DEM. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HER. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEM. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

DEM. I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HER. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

DEM. An if I could, what should I get therefor?

HER. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*]

DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*]

OBE. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
[*Squeezes the flower on* DEMETRIUS'S *eyelids.*]
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

[*Reënter* PUCK.]

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBE. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetruis to awake.

PUCK. Then will two at once woo one:
That must needs be sport alone.

[*Enter* LYSANDER *and* HELENA.]

LYS. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

HEL. These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYS. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
DEM. [*awaking*]. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
[*Kisses her hand.*]
HEL. If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part:
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.
DEM. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
LYS. Helena, it is not so.
DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

[*Enter* HERMIA.]

HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
My ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
LYS. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
HER. What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYS. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery orbs and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
HER. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
HEL. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
HER. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
HEL. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
HER. I understand not what you mean by this.
HEL. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
But, fare ye well: 't is partly my own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
LYS. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
HEL. O excellent!
HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEM. Quick, come!

HER. Lysander, where to tends all this?

LYS. Away, you Ethiop!

DEM. No, no, sir;
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

HER. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

LYS. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathéd medicine! hated potion, hence!

HER. Do you not jest?

HEL. Yes, sooth; and so do you!

LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEM. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

LYS. What? Should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HER. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

LYS. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 't is no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HER. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
HEL. What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
HER. "Puppet!" why, so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
HER. "Lower!" hark, again.
HEL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

HER. Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?
HEL. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
HER. What, with Lysander?
HEL. With Demetrius.
LYS. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
DEM. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
HEL. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
HER. "Little" again! nothing but "low" and "little!"
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
DEM. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
LYS. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
DEM. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt* LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS.]

HER. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
HEL. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer, though, to run away. [*Exit.*]
HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*]
OBE. This is thy negligence.

PUCK. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.
DEM. Yea, art thou there?
PUCK. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter* LYSANDER.]

LYS. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

[*Enter* PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.]

PUCK. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, come hither: I am here.
DEM. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

[*Enter* HELENA.]

HEL. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

PUCK. I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
OBE. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charméd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace. [*Exit.*]
PUCK. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

[*Enter* LYSANDER.]

LYS. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
PUCK. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
LYS. I will be with thee straight.
PUCK. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* LYSANDER, *as following the voice.*]

[*Enter* DEMETRIUS.]

DEM. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

[*Enter* HERMIA.]

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

PUCK. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezes the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eyes.*]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

Scene. Same part of Wood.

[LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA *and* HERMIA *lying asleep.*]
[*Enter* TITANIA *and* BOTTOM; PEASBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, *and other fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*]

TIT. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's Peasblossom?

PEAS. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Peasblossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Monsieur Mustardseed?

MUS. Ready.

BOT. Give me your neaf [*gives hand*], Monsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUS. What's your will?

BOT. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery Peasblossom to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvelous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TIT. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOT. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

TIT. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOT. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TIT. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TIT. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt fairies.*]
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

[*Enter* PUCK.]

OBE. [*advancing*].
Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That, he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blesséd power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

TIT. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

[*Music.*]

OBE. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

[*Fairies dance.*]

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus's house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

PUCK. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

OBE. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

TIT. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt, except* PUCK. *Horns winded within.*]

PUCK. Now, when thou wak'st,
With thine own fool's eyes peep. [*Exit.*]

BOT. [*awaking*]. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what

dream it was. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the duke. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS *and train.*]

THE. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go!—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—

[*Exit an attendant.*]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When, in a wood of Crete, they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THE. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear,—But, soft! what nymphs are these?

EGEUS. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

THE. No doubt, they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGEUS. It is, my lord.

THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns and shouts within.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA *and* HERMIA *wake and start up.*]

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYS. Pardon, my lord.

THE. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYS. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law—

EGEUS. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Exeunt* ALL.]

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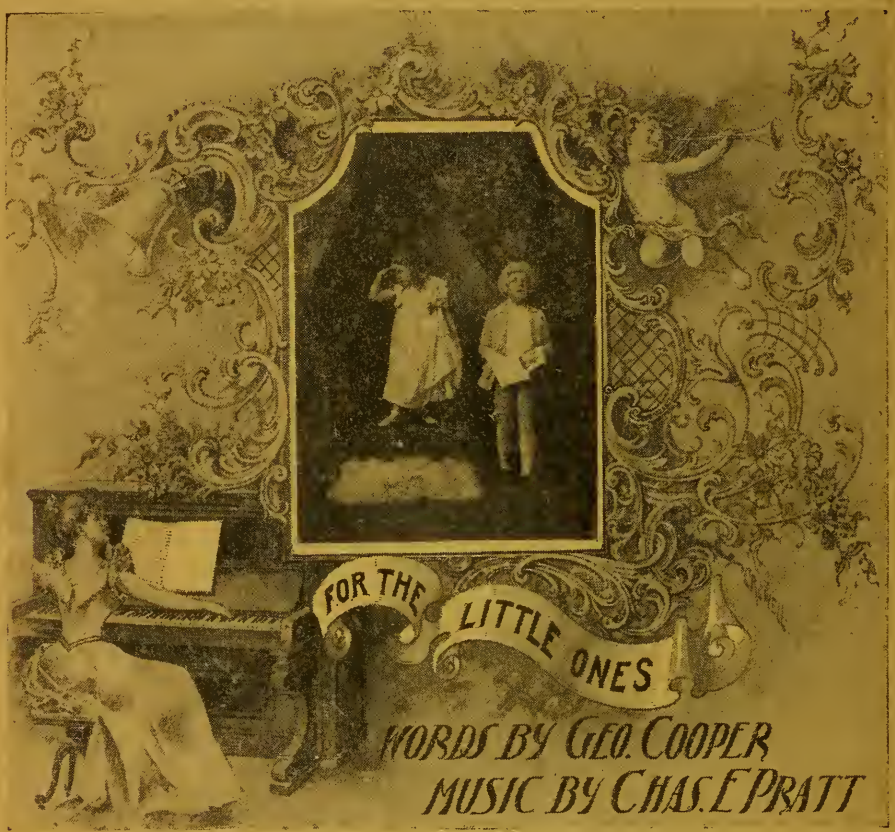
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